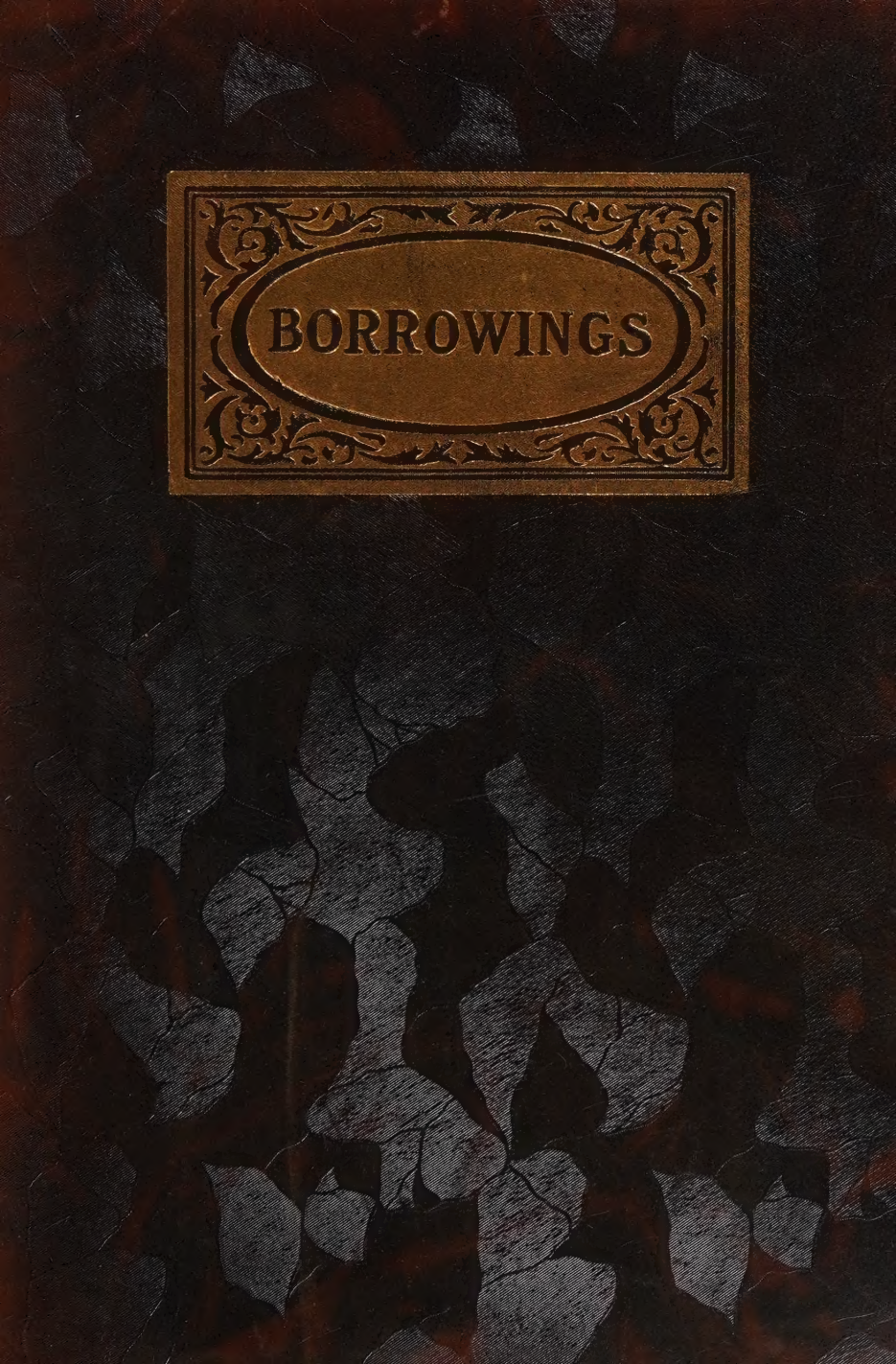
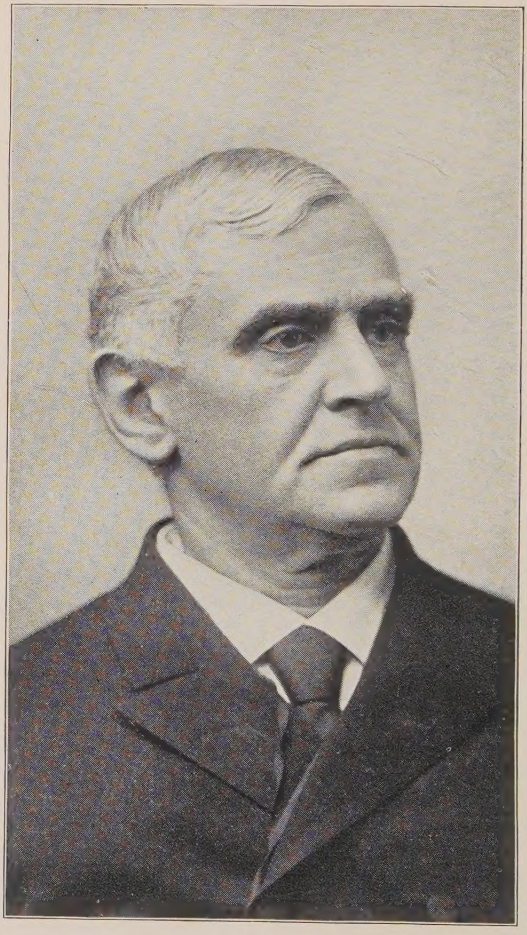

BORROWINGS



BORROWINGS

A COLLECTION OF HELPFUL AND BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS

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I DO NOT NUMBER MY BORROWINGS; I WEIGH THEM. AND HAD I DESIGNED TO RAISE THEIR VALUE BY THEIR NUMBER, I HAD MADE THEM TWICE AS MANY.

—Montaigne.

THE WORLD DOES NOT REQUIRE SO MUCH TO BE INFORMED AS TO BE REMINDED. —Hannah More.

The Noble Nature.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.

Can a man help imitating that with which he holds reverential converse?
—Plato.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence. —Bacon.

Is anything more wonderful than another, if you consider it maturely? I have seen no man rise from the dead; I have seen some thousands rise from nothing. I have not force to fly into the sun, but I have force to lift my hand, which is equally strange.
—Carlyle.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you, in a book, or a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts, the eternal thought speaking in your thought. —George Macdonald.

A house is no home unless it contain food and fire for the mind as well as for the body. —Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

True Rest.

Rest is not quitting
  The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
  Of self to its sphere:

'Tis loving and serving
  The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
  And that is true rest.

—John S. Dwight.

We find in life exactly what we put in it. —Emerson.

Duty done is the soul's fireside.
—Browning.

Manners are the happy ways of doing things. . . If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops, which give such a depth to the morning meadow.
—Emerson.

A higher morality, like a higher intelligence, must be reached by a slow growth. —Herbert Spencer.

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the
little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness
flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest.
—Mrs. Browning.

Then wisely weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
—The Tempest.

The wisest man could ask no more of
fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly,
true,
Safe from the many, honored by the
few;
Nothing to court in Church, or World,
or State,
But inwardly in secret to be great.
—Lowell.

Books are embalmed minds.
—Bovee.

Great men seem to be a part of the infinite, brothers of the mountains and the seas. —Ingersoll.

"Truth can be outraged by silence quite as cruelly as by speech."

It was a dark, chill, misty morning, like to end in rain; one of those mornings when even happy people take refuge in their hopes. —George Eliot.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it. —Horace Mann.

The chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do the best we can. —Emerson.

Security is mortal's chiefest enemy. —Macbeth.

And truth is this to me, and that to thee. —Tennyson.

Faith must become active through works. Deeds must spring spontaneously from the divine life within the soul. —C. W. Wendte.

Actions, looks, words,—steps from the alphabet by which you spell character. —Lavater.

Man's unhappiness comes, in part, from his greatness. There is an infinite in him, which, with all his cunning, he cannot quite bury under the finite. —Carlyle.

A Prayer for Light and Peace.

Immortal Love, within whose righteous will
Is always peace;
O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill,
Let passion cease;
Come down in power within my heart to reign,
For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.

The days are gone, when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way,
Which leads through mist and rocks to Thine abode,
Toiling for man and Thee, Almighty God.

Whate'er of pain Thy loving hand allot
I gladly bear;
Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet Thy care;
Freedom from storms and wild desires within,
Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love,
Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With Thee above;
Wounded yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,
And sure that goodness is my only Heaven. —Stopford A. Brooke.

(In MS., not yet published.)

A calm more awful is than storm.
Beware of calms in any form.
This life means action.
—Joaquin Miller.

No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint. —Chesterfield.

If any one remains modest under blame, be assured he is so.
—Jean Paul.

Do not say all that you know, but always know what you say.
—Claudius.

Occasional depression no one can avoid, but ill temper, everybody.
—Feuchtersleben.

I am not dreaming. I am not deluded. Nearer to the grave new light streams for me. We shall continue to exist. We shall see each other again.

—Goethe.

Intense, unfathomed broods the human soul,
It feels—not knows—there is a clue divine,
That leads us with sweet music to the goal
Where kindred hands stretch out to thine and mine. —J. S. Woods.

There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil, to one who is striking at the root. —Thoreau.

What wealth it is to have such friends that we cannot think of them without elevation. —Thoreau.

If you loved only what were worth
your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well
for you.
Make the low nature better by your
throes,
Give earth yourself, go up for gain
above. —Browning.

That there are so many spiritual capacities in man which he cannot develop in this life, points to a better and more harmonious future.

—Goethe.

Genius is eternal patience.

—Michael Angelo.

Make each day a critic on the last.

—Pope.

I am glad you can elevate your life with a doubt, for I am sure that it is nothing but an insatiable faith after all that deepens and darkens its current, and your doubt and my confidence are only a difference of expression.

—Thoreau.

Prejudice corrupts the taste, as it perverts the judgment, in all the concerns of life. —Racine.

Intend honestly and leave the event to God. —Æsop.

Friendship—one soul in two bodies.
—Pythagoras.

Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth. —Pindar.

You should forgive many things in others, nothing in yourself.
—Ausonius.

Learn to stand in awe of thyself.
—Democritus.

The will of the present is the key to the future, and moral character is eternal destiny. —Horatio Stebbins.

Thanks to the human heart by which
we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and
fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows
can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep
for tears. —Wordsworth.

Silently one by one, in the infinite
meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-
me-nots of the angels.
—Longfellow.

For good ye are, and bad, and like to
coin,
Some true, some false, but every one of
you
Stamped with the image of the king.
—Tennyson.

No Unbelief.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a leaf beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "to-morrow," "the unknown,"
"The future," trusts unto that Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And, day by day and night, unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny.
God knows the why.

—Lizzie York Case.

A face that had a story to tell. How different are faces in this particular! Some of them speak not; they are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps a date. —Longfellow.

Only in the loves we have for others than ourselves, can we truly live—or die. —Phillips Brooks.

"Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself."

And let him go where he will, he can only find so much beauty or worth as he carries. —Emerson.

The years have taught some sweet,
some bitter lessons, none
Wiser than this, to spend in all
things else,
But of old friends to be most miserly.
—Lowell.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; dispatch, of a strong one. —Colton.

The night is long that never finds the day. —Macbeth.

The time never comes when a reconstruction does not imperil some great interest. —Heber Newton.

To have what we want, is riches; but to be able to do without, is power.
—George Macdonald.

A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. —Emerson.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things.
—Fenelon.

Into the well which supplies thee with water, cast no stones.
—Talmud.

Rightly employed, the reason is not a check to piety, but is its regulator. It chastens and refines the flame of devotion in the human heart, but does not put it out. —C. W. Wendte.

Culture is the power which makes a man capable of appreciating the life around him, and the power of making that life worth appreciating.

—Mallock.

What else can joy be but diffusing joy?

—Byron.

Books give to all who faithfully use them, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. —Channing.

The moving Finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wipe out a word of it.

—Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam.

In all the superior people I have met I notice directness—truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away. —Emerson.

Doubtful ills do plague us worst.
—Seneca.

We can finish nothing in this life; but we may make a beginning, and bequeath a noble example. —Smiles.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. —Richard Rumbold.

An excess of one quality is always bought at the expense of another. If a man be absolutely just he will be absolutely merciless. I would not trust absolute justice to any but a god.
—Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

Grown Old with Nature.

If true there be another, better land,
A fairer than this humble mother shore,
Hoping to meet the blessèd gone before,
I fain would go. But may no angel hand
Lead on so far along the shining sand,
So wide within the everlasting door,
'Twill shut away this good, green world. *No more*
Of earth!—Let me not hear that dread command.
Then must I mourn, unsoothed by harps of gold,
For sighing boughs, and birds of simple song,
For hush of night within the forest fold;
Yea, must bemoan, amid the joyous throng,
These early loves. The heart that has grown old
With Nature cannot, happy, leave her long. —John Vance Cheney.

Exactness in little things is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.
—F. W. Faber.

Two excesses: exclude reason, admit only reason. —Pascal.

I like not only to be loved, but to be told that I am loved; the realm of silence is large enough beyond the grave. —George Eliot.

"To be angry with a weak man is proof that you are not very strong yourself."

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love. —Goethe.

Want of tact is at bottom selfishness, for self thinks and acts only for itself.
—Auerbach.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into. —Beecher.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies:—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.
—Tennyson.

There is nothing in which people betray their character more than in what they find to laugh at. —Goethe.

He who is great when he falls is great in his prostration, and is no more an object of contempt than when men tread on the ruins of sacred buildings, which men of piety venerate no less than if they stood. —Seneca.

All true work is sacred. In all true work, were it but true hand work, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven. To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, can be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever be the flood of utterance that is descending.
—Carlyle.

The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs. —George Eliot.

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns. I am thankful that thorns have roses.

—Alphonse Karr.

For he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned. —Tennyson.

And what is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not been discovered.

—Emerson.

"You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there."

The responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision.

—George Eliot.

"A poplar leaf hides our view of the sun; the slight substance of an earthly care may hide from us the immense and radiant God."

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief. —Sheridan.

Conscience is the amount of innate knowledge we have in us.

—Victor Hugo.

Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses.
—Julia Ward Howe.

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
May claim the merit still,—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause.
—Cowper.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. —Shakespeare.

The soul observant of Beauty yields tribute by contemplation,
And the lip that praiseth the daisy, unconscious hath blessed its Maker.
—Amie S. Page.

A Fancy.

I think I would not be
A stately tree,
Broad-boughed, with haughty crest that seeks the sky!
Too many sorrows lie
In years, too much of bitter for the sweet!
Frost-bite, and blast, and heat,
Blind drought, cold rains, must all grow wearisome,
Ere one could put away
Their leafy garb for aye,
And let death come.

Rather this wayside flower!
To live its happy hour
Of balmy air, of sunshine, and of dew.
A sinless face held upward to the blue;
A bird-song sung to it,
A butterfly to flit
On dazzling wings above it, hither, thither—
A sweet surprise of life—and then exhale
A little fragrant soul on the soft gale,
To float—ah, whither!

—Ina D. Coolbrith.

Speaking silence is better than senseless speech. —Dutch Proverb.

There is no grief without some great provision to soften its intenseness.
—G. D. Prentice.

What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what people think.
—Emerson.

When a man is in earnest and knows what he is about, his work is half done.
—Mirabeau.

If you mean to act nobly, and seek to know the best things which God hath put within the reach of men, you must fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it. —George Eliot.

From the lowliest depth there is a path to the loftiest height. —Carlyle.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace.

—Ruskin.

As I approve of the youth who has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with the old man who has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be so in mind.

—Cicero.

Let nothing come between you and the light. —Thoreau.

When words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain. —Shakespeare.

Drudgery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind, as harrowing and planting those of the earth.

—Margaret Fuller.

From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead
There comes no word; but in the night of death
Hope sees a star, and listening love can hear
The rustle of a wing. —Ingersoll.

A wise man has well reminded us that in any controversy the instant we feel anger we have already ceased striving for truth, and have begun striving for ourselves. —Carlyle.

It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.
—George Eliot.

To suspect a friend is worse than to be deceived by him.
—La Rochefoucauld.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm. —Emerson.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company. —Jeremy Taylor.

The most profound joy has more of gravity than gayety in it. —Montague.

It is not enough to be an upright man, we must be seen to be one: society does not exist on moral ideas only. —Balzac.

It is some compensation for great evils that they enforce great lessons. —Bovee.

The most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction. They do not pin the reader to a dogma which he must afterwards discover to be inexact; they do not teach him a lesson which he must afterwards unlearn. They repeat, they rearrange, they clarify the lessons of life. —R. L. Stevenson.

Lines on Revisiting the Banks of Moye.

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains. —Wordsworth.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause. —Beecher.

Where there is much light
There is much shade. —Goethe.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts. —Browning.

Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. —Emerson.

That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy. —Carlyle.

Is thy friend angry with thee? then provide him an opportunity of showing thee a great favor. Over that his heart must needs melt, and he will love thee again. —Richter.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence. —George Eliot.

We can fix our eyes on perfection, and make almost everything speed towards it. —Channing.

In the whole course of our observation there is not so misrepresented and abused a personage as Death. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it does not. —Colton.

Let there be many windows to your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let the light
Pour through fair windows broad as truth itself,
As high as God. —Ella Wheeler.

A courage which looks easy and yet is rare: the courage of a teacher repeating day after day the same lessons —the least rewarded of all forms of courage. —Balzac.

They have been at a great feast of languages and have stolen the scraps.
—Much Ado About Nothing.

"And always, 'tis the saddest sight to see
An old man faithless in humanity."

If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder stroke, I beseech you, by all angels, to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruptions and groans. —Emerson.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? —Browning.

Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man. —Rousseau.

'Tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds.
—Henry VIII.

A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence. —Dickens.

You cannot step twice into the same stream. For as you are stepping in, other and yet other waters flow on.
—Heraclitus.

Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle. —Michael Angelo.

Nothing dies so hard and rallies so often as intolerance. —Beecher.

Haste not, rest not.
—The motto on Goethe's ring.

There is no royal road to highest fame,
The man has toiled who wears a glorious name. —Emma C. Dowd.

Condemn not her whose hours
Are not all given to spinning nor to care;
Has God not planted every path with flowers
Whose end is to be fair?
—Alice Cary.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.
—Whittier.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. —Chesterfield.

God's finger touched him, and he slept.
—Tennyson.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.
—Franklin.

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console. —Colton.

Pitch upon the best course of life, and custom will render it the most easy.
—Tillotson.

Anxiety is the poison of human life.
—Blair.

We should be as careful of our words, as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill. —Cicero.

Home.

• Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, California.

There lies a little city in the hills;
White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling's door,
And peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er
And touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years,
Lo! where it lies, far from the clash and roar,
With quiet distance blurred, as if thro' tears.

O heart, that prayest so for God to send
Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end,

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into the Infinite Love will lead thee home.

—E. R. Sill.

Life is a train of moods like a string of beads, and, as we pass through them, they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus. —Emerson.

The cord that binds too strictly snaps itself. —Tennyson.

The human heart concerns us more than poring into microscopes, and is larger than can be measured by the pompous figures of the astronomer.
—Emerson.

There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice. —Thoreau.

Quotation is a good thing, there is a community of thought in it.
—Dr. Johnson.

Feeling is deep and still, and the word
that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy that betrays
where the anchor is hidden.
—Longfellow.

Ever the words of the gods resound;.
But the porches of man's ear
Seldom, in this low life's round,
Are unsealed, that he may hear.
—Emerson.

O that the loving woman, she who sat
So long a listener at her Master's feet,
Had left us Mary's Gospel,—all she
heard
Too sweet, too subtle for the ear of
man! —Holmes.

In proportion as we love truth more, and victory less, we shall become anxious to know what it is that leads our opponents to think as they do.

—Herbert Spencer.

Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide:
For is it not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall, and blossomed on the other side? —Alice Cary.

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap, than his neighbor, though he builds his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door. —Emerson.

"Somewhere in the secret of every soul
Is the hidden gleam of a perfect life."

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet.

—Talmud.

The days come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing, and if you do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away. —Emerson.

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best? —Lowell.

Yet I doubt not, through the ages, one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

—Tennyson.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth of the unspoken.

—George Eliot.

Opportunity.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded
sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken
sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden
sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with bat-
tle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy
down,
And saved a great cause that heroic
day. —E. R. Sill.

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty,
I woke, and found that life was duty.
—Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

Duty—Stern daughter of the voice of God. —Wordsworth.

Nature conquers our restlessness by fatigue. —Hammerton.

"There is more or less sorow in the word 'good-bye,' and yet how we like to hear some people say it."

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies."

True wit never made us laugh.
—Emerson.

Too much rest is rust.
—Sir Walter Scott.

The ornament of a house is the friends who visit it. —Emerson.

Next to the originator of a good sentence, is the first quoter of it.
—Emerson.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices. —Emerson.

Nothing bursts forth all at once. The lightning may dart out of a black cloud; but the day sends his bright heralds before him to prepare the world for his coming. —Harte.

The years write their records on men's hearts as they do on trees: inner circles of growth which no eye can see.
—Saxe Holm.

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best."

The white flower of a blameless life.
—Tennyson.

Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you.
—Carlyle.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone. —George Eliot.

God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
—Mary R. Smith.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
—Lowell.

For it is certain to the vulgar eye. few things are wonderful that are not distant. —Carlyle.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways. —Helen Hunt.

Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand. —Bovee.

Nor deem the irrevocable past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.
—Longfellow.

There lies more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
—Tennyson.

Being too blind to have desire to see.
—Tennyson.

Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, and don't daub with sables and glooms in your conversation.
—Emerson.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is! and the little less, and what worlds away! —Browning.

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of twenty to follow mine own teaching.
—The Merchant of Venice.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within that withers and bursts the husk.
—George Macdonald.

America! half brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land. —Bailey.

How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. —Merchant of Venice.

The only way to have a friend is to be one. —Emerson.

If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be built; now put foundations under them. —Thoreau.

The fire-fly only shines when on the wing. So it is with man; when once we rest we darken. —Bailey.

One Week.

"Gone for just a week," you said;
Only seven threads of light,
Morning's gold and evening's red
Braided with the starry night.
Seven specks of diamond sand
From eternity's vast shore,
So immeasurable and grand,—
Nothing more.

One week! time enough to pass
From the unremembering sun;
Time for shroud and churchyard grass,
And the immutable years begun.
Time to grasp, with yearning dread,
Problems of immortal lore.
Yet, "for just one week," you said,—
Nothing more.

—Amie S. Page.

Be sure of the foundation of your life. Know why you live as you do. Be ready to give a reason for it. Do not, in such a matter as life, build on opinion or custom, or what you guess is true. Make it a matter of certainty and science. —Thomas Starr King.

Yesterday I looked on one
Who lay as if asleep in perfect peace.
His long imprisonment for life was done.
Eternity's great freedom his release
Had brought. Yet they who loved him called him dead,
And wept, refusing to be comforted.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

As a tired mother when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which though more splendid, may not please him more;
So nature deals with us and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—Longfellow.

No life
Can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby. —Owen Meredith.

All mankind loves a lover.
—Emerson.

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men. —Carlyle.

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms. —George Eliot.

Silence is the perfect heraldry of joy:
I were but little happy if I could say how much.
—Much Ado About Nothing.

Men at some time are masters of their fates,
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. —Julius Caesar.

Whoever makes home seem to the young dearer and more happy, is a public benefactor. —Henry Ward Beecher.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.
—Sir Philip Sidney.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad. —Pope.

The beautiful is as useful as the useful.
—Victor Hugo.

Self-trust is the first secret of success. —Emerson.

The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them.
—Ruskin.

'Tis a life-long toil till our lump be leaven—
The better! What's come to perfection perishes. —Robert Browning.

In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great. —Tennyson.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do.

—Longfellow.

That best portion of a good man's life;
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

—Wordsworth.

Banish the tears of children; continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful. —Jean Paul.

A bad habit which cannot be conquered directly may be overcome by arranging circumstances to help us.
—James Freeman Clarke.

Build thee more stately mansions, O
my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the
last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome
more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's
unresting sea!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The understood is but a small domain of our knowing, and the apprehended is greater than the comprehended. Is it said that we do not know God? True, we do not know all about Him, but we know something about Him:—And we do not know all about one another, but we know something about one another.

The understanding is the vestibule of the mind! Uncover thy head, and enter the temple of the soul! behold the power, the beauty, and the love! If we had nothing but understanding how little should we know or think or feel!

—Horatio Stebbins.

April in California.

An April, fairer than the Atlantic June,
Whose calendar of perfect days was kept
By daily blossoming of some new flower.
The fields, whose carpets now were silken white,
Next week were orange-velvet, next, sea-blue.
It was as if some central fire of bloom,
From which in other climes a random root
Is now and then shot up, here had burst forth
And overflowed the fields, and set the land
Aflame with flowers. I watched them day by day,
How at the dawn they wake, and open wide
Their little petal-windows, how they turn

Their slender necks to follow round the
sun,
And how the passion they express all
day
In burning color, steals forth with the
dew
All night in odor. —E. R. Sill.

Politeness of the mind is to have delicate thoughts. —La Rochefoucauld.

Nay, never falter; no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good.
—George Eliot.

Let it go before or come after, a good sentence, or a thing well said, is always in season; if it neither suit well with what went before, nor has much coherence with what follows after, it is good in itself. —Montaigne.

To educate the heart, one must be willing to go out of himself and to come into loving contact with others.

—James Freeman Clarke.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power. —Tennyson.

The useful may be trusted to further itself, for many produce it and no one can do without it; but the beautiful must be specially encouraged, for few can present it, while yet all have need of it. —Goethe.

There is a purity which only suffering can impart; the stream of life becomes snow-white when it dashes against the rocks. —Jean Paul.

If we encounter a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he reads. —Emerson.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.
—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Do not think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling.
—Ruskin.

Each year, one vicious habit rooted out, in time ought to make the worst man good. —Franklin.

The more we know, the better we forgive;
Whoe'er feels deeply, feels for all who live. —Madame de Stael.

The best way of training the young is to train yourself at the same time; not to admonish them, but to be seen always doing that of which you would admonish them. —Plato.

I love little children, and it is not a slight thing when they, who are fresh from God, love us. —Dickens.

"Thou hast too much to say about thy rights, and thinkest too little about thy duties. Thou hast but one unalienable right, and that is the sublime one of doing thy duty at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places."

Paganini.

"He shambled awkward on the stage, the while
Across the waiting audience swept a smile.

"With clumsy touch, when first he drew the bow,
He snapped a string. The audience tittered low.

"Another stroke! Off flies another string!
With laughter now the circling galleries ring.

"Once more! The third string breaks its quivering strands,
And hisses greet the player as he stands.

"He stands—awhile his genius unbereft
Is calm—one string and Paganini left.

"He plays. The one string's daring notes uprise
Against that storm as if they sought the skies.

"A silence falls; then awe; the people bow,
And they who erst had hissed are weeping now.

"And when the last note, trembling, died away,
Some shouted 'Bravo!' some had learned to pray."

Ah, March. we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!
—Helen Hunt.

A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue,—
An April day in the morning.
—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Time elaborately thrown away.
—Edward Young.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principle.
—Emerson.

If winter comes, can spring be far behind? —Keats.

He is blessed who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established.
—Thoreau.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.
—Longfellow.

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and ME.
—Lowell.

The weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which worthily used, will be a gift also to his race.

—Ruskin.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven.

—Shakespeare.

Throw your actions into perspective.

—Emerson.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me. —Macbeth.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart! —Hood.

A perfect life is like that of a ship of war which has its own place in the fleet and can share in its strength and discipline, but can also go forth alone in the solitude of the infinite sea.. We ought to belong to society, to have our place in it, and yet be capable of a complete individual existence outside of it.

—Hamerton.

And I know that the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race;
For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,

But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—Leigh Hunt.

Music is the universal language of mankind. —Longfellow.

When words fail to express the exalted sentiments and finer emotions of the human heart, music becomes the sublimated lanuage of the soul, the divine instrumentality for its higher utterance. —C. W. Wendte.

A man's action is only a picture book of his creed. —Emerson.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise. —Pope.

All the way to heaven is heaven.
—Canon Farrar.

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things. —Dr. Johnson.

It is in a certain degree to be a sharer in noble deeds to praise them with all our heart. —La Rochefoucauld.

If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two. —Talmud.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.
—Swift.

Such help as we can give to each other in this world is a debt to each other; and the man who perceives a superiority or capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committer of injury.

—Ruskin.

We must be as courteous to a man as to a picture, which we are willing to give the benefit of a good light.

—Emerson.

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.

—George Macdonald.

We all have need of that prayer of the British mariner: "Save us, O God, Thine ocean is so large, and our little boat so small." —Canon Farrar.

We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. —Carlyle.

The supreme happiness of life is the conviction of being loved for yourself, or, more correctly, being loved in spite of yourself. —Victor Hugo.

Growing thought makes growing revelation. —George Eliot.

There is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless,—his deathbed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there. —Ruskin.

He that cannot think, is a fool,
He that will not, is a bigot,
He that dare not, is a slave.
—Inscription on the wall of Andrew Carnegie's Library.

The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means.

—Browning.

He is wisest, who only gives,
True to himself, the best he can:
Who drifting on the winds of praise,
The inward monitor obeys.
And with the boldness that confuses fear
Takes in the crowded sail, and lets his conscience steer. —Whittier.

My Star.

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,

My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

—Robert Browning.

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.

—Emerson.

If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of church and state.

—Bacon.

He subjects himself to be seen as through a microscope who is caught in a fit of passion. —Lavater.

Every duty we omit, obscures some truth we should have known.

—Ruskin.

When the day is done, when the work of a life is finished, when the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, beneath the silent stars the tired laborer should fall asleep. —Ingersoll.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal natures and of noble minds.
—Tennyson.

No strong character can be developed unless emphasis be laid upon the thought of personal responsibility.
—Marion D. Shutter.

"The measure of a book is in its appeal to the individual."

Do you never look at yourself when you abuse another? —Plautus.

Nor knowest thou what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent. —Emerson.

While we deliberate about beginning, it is already too late to begin.
—Quintilian.

The blessedness of life depends more upon its interests than upon its comforts. —Geo. Macdonald.

Try to put well in practice what you already know; in so doing you will, in good time, discover the hidden things which you now inquire about.
—Rembrandt.

The surest proof of being endowed with noble qualities, is to be free from envy. —La Rochefoucauld.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong. —Emerson.
(Said of Lincoln.)

As worldly care forms the greater part of the staple of every human life, there must be some mode of viewing an enemy of spirituality into a means and meeting it which converts it from of grace and spiritual advancement.
—H. B. Stowe.

The Arrow and the Song.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Longfellow.

Accustom the children to close accuracy of statement, both as a principle of honor, and as an accomplishment of language, making truth the test of perfect language, and giving the intensity of a moral purpose to the study and art of words; then, carrying the accuracy into all habits of thought and observation, so as always to *think* of things as they truly are, as far as in us rests,—and it *does* rest much in our power, for all false thoughts and seeings come mainly of our thinking of what we have no business with, and looking for things we *want* to see, instead of things which *ought* to be seen. —Ruskin.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are
dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,—but in some
brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

—A. L. Barbauld.

Etching.

Know ye what etching is? It is to ramble
On copper; in a summer twilight's hour
To let sweet fancy fiddle tunefully.
It is the whispering from Nature's heart,
Heard when we wander on the moor, or gaze
On the sea, on fleecy clouds of heaven, or at
The rushy lake where playful ducks are splashing;
It is the down of doves, the eagle's claw;
'Tis Homer in a nutshell, ten commandments
Writ on a penny's surface; 'tis a wish,
A sigh, comprised in finely chiseled odes,
A little image in its bird's flight caught.

It is to paint on the soft gold-hued copper
With sting of wasp and velvet of the wings
Of butterfly, by sparkling sunbeams glowed,
Even so the etcher's needle; on its point
Doth catch what in the artist-poet's mind
Reality and fancy did create.

—Translated by Holda, from the Low Dutch of C. Vosmaer.

After we come to mature years, there is nothing of which we are so vividly conscious as of the swiftness of time. Its brevity and littleness are the theme of poets, moralists and preachers. Yet there is nothing of which there is so much—nor day nor night, ocean nor sky, winter nor summer equal it. It is a perpetual flow from the inexhaustible fountains of eternity:—And we have no adequate conception of our earthly life until we think of it and live in it as a part of forever. *Now* is eternity, and will be, to-morrow and next day, through the endless years of God.

—Horatio Stebbins.

It has been well said that "in much of the world's best work the unconscious element is the most precious." A man's life-work may be a failure, from human standpoints, even from his own standpoint, and yet an invisible something has been added by him to the priceless stock of human worth and fidelity. This genral truth is a consolation to lift us over many a stage of broken and disappointed hope. Life would mortify, and passing years terrify, were it not for the faith that Providence has far more to effect out of every sincere life than we can count or measure.

—T. L. Eliot.

"E Profundis."

Beneath Thy hammer, Lord! I lie
With contrite spirit prone:
Oh, mould me till to self I die
And live to Thee alone.

With frequent disappointments sore
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord! Thy hammer's needful wound
My baffled hopes confess,
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

Smite! till from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but Thee
And have no will but Thine.

—F. H. Hedge.

Hospitality is an expression of divine worship. —Talmud.

Let the world be better, brighter,
For your having trod its way;
Let your light be seen afar
Ere sinks down life's little day.
—Sister Dora.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Lived till to-morow, will have passed away. —Cowper.

Be not simply good; be good for something. —Thoreau.

Every man's work pursued steadily tends to become an end in itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms in his life. —George Eliot.

Be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn. —Southey.

To me the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity. If I work on incessantly until my death, nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit.

—Goethe.

So high as a tree aspires to grow, so high will it find an atmosphere suited to it. —Thoreau.

God has delivered yourself to your care, and says: I had no one fitter to trust than you. Preserve this person for me such as he is by nature; modest, beautiful, faithful, noble, tranquil.
—Epictetus.

Light.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—F. W. Bourdillon.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it. —Lincoln.

Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil. —Heber.

Life is but thought; so think I will,
That youth and I are house-mates still.
—Coleridge.

I think that good must come of good,
And ill of evil—surely unto all
In every place or time, seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, or bitter things
From poison stocks: yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate—and kindness friends—or patience
Peace. —Edwin Arnold.

It is very difficult to be learned; it seems as if people were worn out on the way to great thoughts, and can never enjoy them because they are too tired.
—George Eliot.

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object can not live. —Shelley.

People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character. —Emerson.

There must be some such, to be some of all sorts. —George Eliot.

What is so universal as death must be benefit. —Schiller.

Once more a music rained through the
room,
Low it splashed like a sweet star-spray,
And sobbed like tears at the heart of
May,
And died as laughter dies away.
—Rossetti.

The highest culture is to speak no ill.
—Ella Wheeler.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.
—Emerson.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart which, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing. —Frances Anne Kemble.

There is only one way to have good servants; that is, to be worthy of being well served. . . . Only let it be remembered that "kindness" means as with your child, so with your servant, not indulgence, but care.

—Ruskin.

Hitch thy wagon to a star.

—Emerson.

Aspiration is inspiration.

—Horace Davis.

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself. —Plato.

Somewhere, for God is good,
Life's blossoms, unfulfilled,
Must spring from dust and gloom
To perfect bloom.

—Ina D. Coolbrith.

The language of excitement is at best but picturesque merely. You must be calm before you can utter oracles.

—Thoreau.

Taste is nothing else than good sense delicately put in force, and genius is reason in its most sublime form.

—Chénier.

Little minds are too much hurt by little things; great minds are quite conscious of them, and despise them.

—La Rochefoucauld.

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—
Forenoon
And afternoon and night,—
Forenoon, and—what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life: make this forenoon sublime
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

—E. R. Sill.

The Eternal Goodness.

I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! If my faith is vain,
  If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
  The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
  Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
  My human heart on Thee.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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